

CINDERELLA













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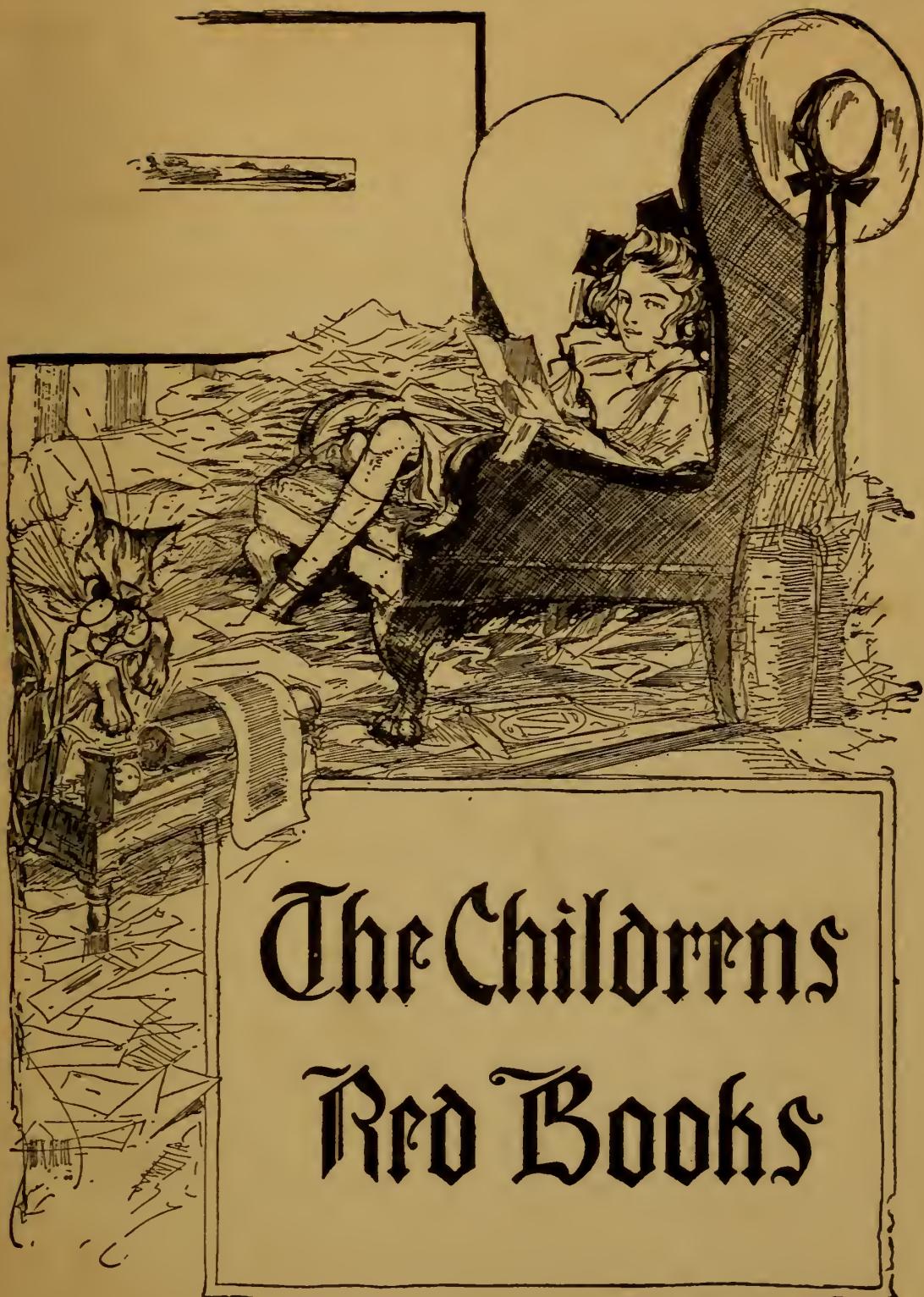
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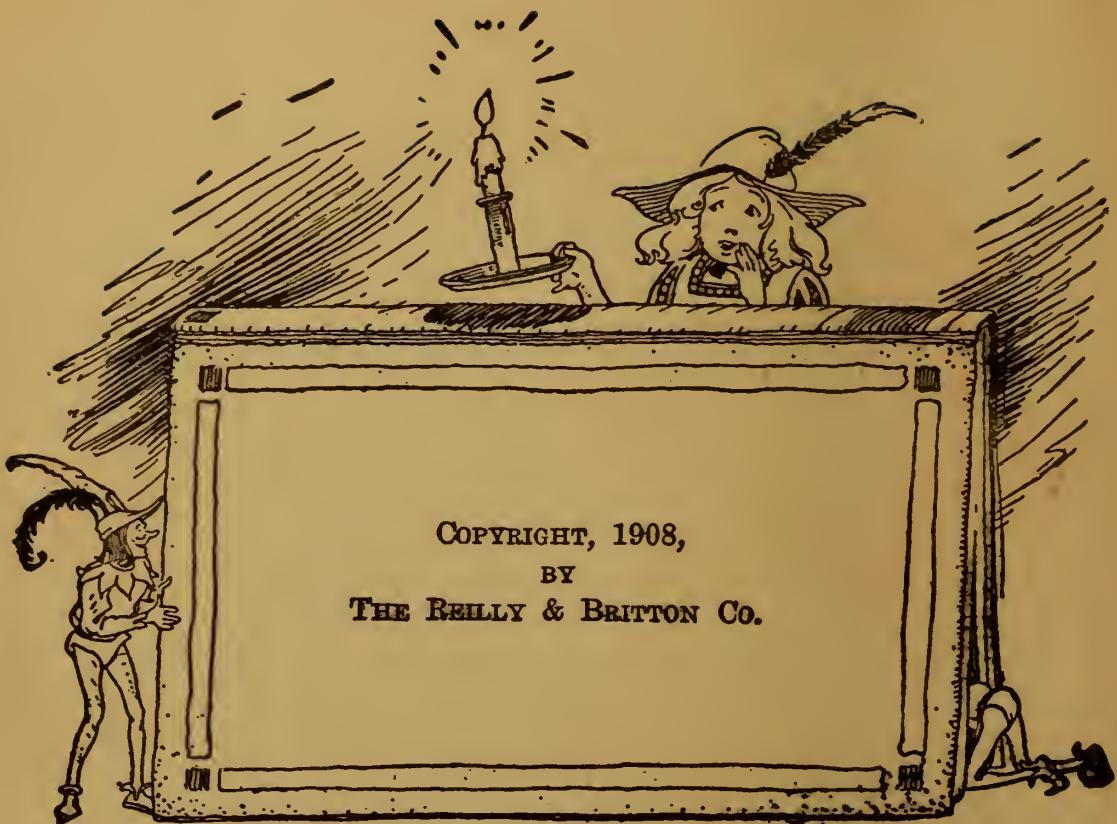
CINDERELLA OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER



Pictured By
John R Neill



CHICAGO
THE REILLY and BRITTON C.
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CINDERELLA

THIS is the story of a beautiful, motherless young girl whose father married, for the second time, a haughty and proud widow who had two daughters of her own, both vain and selfish. No sooner was the wedding over than the wicked woman began to show herself in her true colors. She could not bear the good qualities of her pretty stepdaughter, and the more because they made her own

C i n d e r e l l a

daughters appear the less attractive. She made her wash dishes, scrub floors and wait on her own daughters. She gave her a straw bed in the garret to sleep upon, while her own daughters' slept in fine rooms and upon soft beds.

The poor girl bore all this very patiently, and dared not tell her father, who always sided with his wife. When she had done her work she used to go into the chimney corner and sit down among the cinders. They all called her "Cinder-wench" except the youngest sister, who



C i n d e r e l l a

was less unkind than the eldest. She called her “Cinderella.”

However, Cinderella, in spite of her shabby clothes, was a hundred times more beautiful than her stepsisters, in spite of the fine gowns which they always wore.

One day the king’s son gave a ball, and the three sisters were invited. The two selfish sisters were delighted, and talked all day long about what dresses they should wear. This made new trouble for poor little Cinderella, for it was she who had to iron her sisters’ linen.

C i n d e r e l l a

“For my part,” said the eldest, “I will wear my red velvet.”

“And I,” said the youngest, “shall wear my golden-flowered silk and diamond belt.”

“Cinderella, would you like to go to the ball?” the youngest asked.

“Alas!” said she, “you’re only jeering at me.”

“You are right,” they both said; “it would only make the people laugh to see a Cinderwench at a ball.”

At last the happy day came, and the two





C i n d e r e l l a

step-sisters went to court. Cinderella followed them with her eyes as long as she could, and when she had lost sight of them she began to cry.

“What is the matter?” asked her godmother, who saw her in tears.

“I wish I could—I wish I could”—but she could not speak for sobbing.

Now, Cinderella’s godmother was a fairy, and she said to her:

“Do you wish to go to the ball?”

“Yes,” cried Cinderella.

“Well,” said the godmother, “be a good

C i n d e r e l l a

girl, and you shall go. Run into the garden and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella got the biggest she could find, though she could not see how this would help her to go to the ball.

The godmother struck the pumpkin with her wand, and it was instantly turned into a fine coach, gilded all over with gold. Then she told Cinderella to bring her the mouse trap, which had six live mice in it. Cinderella did as she was told, and her godmother lifted up the trapdoor a little, and as the mice came out she tapped them

C i n d e r e l l a

with her wand, and each mouse was at once turned into a fine horse. So now there were six beautiful mouse-colored, dapple-gray horses and a magnificent coach.

“And now for a coachman,” said the fairy. “Bring me the rat trap.”

Cinderella brought the trap, with the three large rats in it. The biggest rat became a fat, jolly old coachman at the fairy’s bidding.

“Go again into the garden and you will



C i n d e r e l l a

find six lizards behind the watering pot.
Bring them to me," she said.

Cinderella had no sooner done so than her godmother turned them into six footmen, who jumped up behind the coach with their liveries of gold and silver. The fairy then touched Cinderella with her wand, and in an instant she was dressed in cloth of gold and silver, all set with jewels, and on her feet were a pair of glass slippers. Then Cinderella got up into her coach, and the fairy commanded her not to stay one moment after midnight, for if she did

C i n d e r e l l a

the coach would become a pumpkin again, her horses mice, her coachman a rat, her footmen lizards, and her clothes just as they were.

She promised to do as she was told, and away she drove to the ball.

The king's son was told that a great princess whom nobody knew was driving up to the palace, and he ran out to meet her. Everybody was astonished when they saw her great beauty. The prince fell in love with her at first sight, and he would dance with no one else.





C i n d e r e l l a

When Cinderella was taking refreshments she sat down by her sisters and spoke to them, but they did not recognize her. In fact, they felt very proud to be noticed by such a princess.

Cinderella remembered what her godmother had said, and came home before 12 o'clock.

When the sisters came back from the ball later they could talk of nothing but the beautiful lady.

The next night they went again to the ball at the palace. Cinderella waited

C i n d e r e l l a

until they had gone, and then she went, too, and she looked still more beautiful than the night before.

She was having such a fine time that she forgot what time it was until she saw the hands of the clock point to five minutes of 12. She hurried off, but as she reached the door it struck twelve. The guard wondered how such a shabby little girl could have gotten in, for she was back in her rags again. In her haste, however, she dropped one of her glass slippers on the stairs,

C i n d e r e l l a

and the prince, who ran after her, picked it up.

The prince next day sent out a herald with a trumpet, and a little page boy with the glass slipper on a velvet cushion, to proclaim that any lady whom the glass slipper should fit should become his wife. All the ladies begged to try it on, but their feet were all too large.

When Cinderella's sisters heard of this they tried to force their feet into the tiny slipper, but it was all in vain. As they were angrily giving it up, Cinderella said:



C i n d e r e l l a

“Let me try, please.”

“Stupid girl!” said the sisters; “fancy you trying. Go and wash dishes.”

But the herald said, “Let her try.”

Cinderella sat down, and without any trouble put her foot into the slipper. Then she took its mate out of her pocket and put it on. Just at that moment her godmother came, and with a touch of her wand changed her rags into the most beautiful white satin gown that had ever been seen. She was the beautiful lady at the ball once more. Her wicked sisters were ~~X~~

C i n d e r e l l a

frightened, and begged her on their knees to forgive them, for they knew she was soon to be queen.

Cinderella forgave them gladly, and asked them always to love her. She was then taken to the young prince, and he thought her more charming than ever, and a few days after married her.

Cinderella, who was no less good than beautiful, gave her sisters rooms in the palace, and married them to two great lords, and they all lived happy ever after.



THE THREE BEARS





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THE THREE BEARS

IT REALLY was the neatest little cottage that ever was seen, and the three bears who lived in it were the tidiest and best-behaved bears in all that forest. For, of course, the cottage was in the middle of a forest. Bears love quiet, shady places where there are plenty of trees to climb. The cottage had a porch covered with honeysuckle, while roses climbed up the walls and peeped into the lattice-windows.





The Three Bears

Now the three bears were not a bit like one another, for one was a Great Big Bear, and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and one was a Tiny Wee Bear. They kept the cottage very tidy, and every morning they made the great big bed and the middle-sized bed, and the tiny wee bed, and dusted the great big chair, and the middle-sized chair, and the tiny wee chair before they sat down to breakfast.

One morning when the porridge was made and had been poured out into the great big bowl, and the middle-sized bowl,

The Three Bears

and the tiny wee bowl, it was so hot that the three bears went out for a walk in the wood, to pass the time until it cooled. The Great Big Bear and the Middle-Sized Bear walked along most properly, but the Tiny Wee Bear took his hoop and bowled it along in front.

Now that very morning it happened that Goldilocks lost her way in the forest. She was a very pretty little girl, with hair like threads of shining gold, and that is how she got her name. But she was very self-willed, and fancied she knew better

The Three Bears

than her mother. That is how she came to lose her way in the wood, for her mother had told her if she wandered from the path she would not be able to find her way home again.

But Goldilocks had tossed her head and paid no attention. And so it happened that she wandered so far that she could not find her way back, and arrived at the bear's cottage that sunny morning just after they had left it.

It was a fresh, cool morning, just the sort of morning that made Goldilocks



The Three Bears

want her breakfast more than usual, for she had run out before it was ready, and when she came to the pretty little cottage she skipped for joy.

“I am sure some kind person lives here, and will give me some bread and milk,” she said to herself. And then she peeped through the open door.

“There does not seem to be any one at home,” she said anxiously. “But oh, what a delicious smell of porridge!”

She could not wait another moment, but walked in and sat down in the great big

The Three Bears

chair and took a spoonful of porridge out of the great big bowl “Ugh!” she cried, making a face, “this is far too salt, and this chair is much too hard!”

So she changed her seat and tried the middle-sized chair, and tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bowl.

“Oh dear me! this has no salt at all,” she said, “and this chair is far too soft.” And laying down the spoon she jumped up in a great hurry. Then she tried the tiny wee chair and took a spoonful of the porridge out of the tiny wee bowl.





The Three Bears

“This is simply delicious!” she cried,
“and the little chair is just right, too.”

And she ate and ate till she finished all the porridge out of the tiny wee bowl! And the tiny little chair was so comfortable that she curled herself up in it until suddenly the seat gave a crack and she fell right through on to the floor.

Goldilocks picked herself up and looked round to see if she could find a sofa to rest on, for she was now so sleepy she could scarcely keep her eyes open. Then she saw a staircase, and she climbed up at once

The Three Bears

to see if there was a bed in the room above. And sure enough in the room upstairs she found three beds, standing side by side under the open lattice-window where the roses peeped in.

She threw herself at once on to the great big bed, but it was so hard that she rolled off as quickly as she could. Then she tried the middle-sized bed, but it was so soft that she sank right in and felt quite smothered. So then she tried the tiny wee bed, and it was just soft enough, and so deliciously comfortable that she curled

The Three Bears

herself up on it with a big sigh of content, and went fast asleep in the twinkling of an eye.

Presently home came the three bears from their walk, and they went to the table to begin their breakfast.

“Who has been sitting in my chair?” growled the Great Big Bear in his great big voice. For the cushion had been pulled all to one side.

“Who has been sitting in my chair?” said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice. For there was a large dent in the cushion where Goldilocks had sat.



The Three Bears

“Who has been sitting in my chair, and broken it right through?” said the Tiny Wee Bear in his tiny wee voice.

Meanwhile the Great Big Bear had been staring at his great big bowl of porridge which had a spoon sticking in it.

“Who has been eating my porridge?” he growled in his great big voice.

“Who has been eating my porridge?” said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice.

“Who has been eating my porridge and eaten it all up?” cried the Tiny Wee Bear in his tiny wee voice.

The Three Bears

Then the three bears searched all round the room to see if they could find out who had been there. Next they climbed up the stairs to look in the bedroom.

But the moment the Great Big Bear saw his bed all rumpled and tossed about he growled in his great big voice, "Who has been lying on my bed?"

"Who has been lying on my bed?" said the Middle-sized Bear in her middle-sized voice.

"Who has been sleeping on my little bed, and lies here still?" cried the Tiny Wee Bear in his tiny wee voice.





The Three Bears

Now, when the Great Big Bear spoke, Goldilocks dreamed of a thunderstorm; and when the Middle-sized Bear spoke she dreamed that the wind was making the roses nod. But when the Tiny Wee Bear cried out she opened her eyes and was wide awake in a moment. She jumped up and ran to the window, and, before the three bears could catch her, she jumped out into the garden below. Then she ran through the wood as fast as she could, and never stopped till she reached home. And you may be sure she never went wandering into

The Three Bears

the wood again. So the Great Big Bear and the Middle-sized Bear and the Tiny Wee Bear ate their porridge in peace all the rest of their days.

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